

GONE

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

A man in a cheap suit drives a cheap car up the spiral ramp of a concrete parking lot. This is DAVE (30). Dave has the resigned stare of someone who is stuck in the rat race, but doesn't have the will to escape. He parks.

INT. CAR

Dave checks the time - it's 06:48 - he's early. He rests his head on the steering wheel in front of him and immediately falls asleep.

INT. OFFICE LOBBY - LATER

Dave stands motionless, facing the wrong way on an escalator as others rush past him.

INT. OFFICE - MORNING

Dave is at his desk eating a breakfast burrito.

INT. OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Dave is at his desk eating a McRib.

INT. OFFICE - LATE AFTERNOON

Dave STARES blankly at his computer screen. He is either thinking hard or not at all.

We reveal that Dave is looking at a screensaver. He watches the company logo bounce around the screen. It finally hits the corner of the screen perfectly. PING. Something clicks in Dave.

He looks around at the mundane office and STANDS UP. He approaches his Boss's OFFICE.

INT. BOSS'S OFFICE

Dave enters. His BOSS (50) doesn't look up from his laptop. Dave stares at his bald spot. Dave clears his throat, but still nothing.

DAVE

So...I think I'm all done, so if
it's cool with you I'm just gonna,
er, disappear for the day?

The Boss doesn't reply or even look up, but WAVES his hand in the air dismissively. Dave, taking this as permission, is nicely surprised and leaves the room.

We stay on The Boss as he continues to wave his hand at a FLY buzzing around his head. He SQUATS the fly on his head and peels it off, with some satisfaction.

INT. LOBBY

Dave walks towards an open elevator in the lobby with a spring in his step. The doors start to CLOSE. He rushes towards them.

Dave manages to get his arm between the doors before they close but they do not automatically re-open as he expected, instead they TRAP his arm. He forces the doors open with his foot and both hands, and struggles into the elevator. He starts to SWEAT.

He hits "PARKING GARAGE", but the button does not light up. He tries again but it's stuck. He pulls a pen out of his pocket and pushes hard on the button. It eventually ALIGHTS.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE

The elevator doors open. Dave walks into the dark garage but can't see his car. He hits the red ALARM button on his remote. His car BEEPS loudly right next to him. He is startled but relieved. He disables the alarm and gets in.

Dave drives his car down the spiralling ramp towards the exit.

He waves his I.D. at the gate sensor, it FLASHES Green. As his car approaches the bar it RISES. He exits onto the city street.

The afternoon sun FLARES brightly through his windscreen, making him squint.

EXT. STREET

Dave drives down a city street. He notices a BAR. He checks the time on his watch, its only 3 p.m., he looks at the neon cocktail glass and shrugs - why not?

He PARKS the car outside the bar and walks in.

INT. BAR

He sits on a stool at the bar. The place is pretty empty. The BARMAN places a bowl of peanuts in front of Dave.

DAVE

Thanks.

Dave eats a peanut.

The Barman doesn't react, and places bowls in front of other empty stools further down the bar.

At the far end of the bar sits an attractive tattooed GIRL (25). Dave stares at her for too long. She looks up at Dave.

GIRL

Hey.

Dave is busted, flustered.

DAVE

Oh, hey.

Dave realizes she was not greeting him but a MAN who has entered the bar behind him.

The man approaches the woman and KISSES her.

Dave gets up and walks past them, towards the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM

Dave takes a leak at a urinal. He finishes up and notices that the automatic flush has not activated. He stares at the small BLINKING red light. He waves his hands in front of the sensor but nothing happens. He stares at the pool of urine in front of him.

The man who entered the bar walks into the bathroom to find Dave frantically waving his hands in front of the urinal sensor. Dave stops, embarrassed.

The man approaches a different urinal.

DAVE

Just another day in paradise, eh?

The man GROANS as he urinates, maybe at Dave's lame line or maybe through bladder relief. Dave looks at him curiously and approaches the sink.

He tries to motion trigger the soap dispenser but it also doesn't activate. He washes his hands. He looks around for a mirror but there isn't one. Dave looks a little worried, exits the bathroom.

INT. BAR

He sits at the bar again.

A BLONDE GIRL (30) enters the bar and sits next to Dave. He smiles at her, decides to make small talk.

DAVE
(sarcastic)
You know life's going well when
you're propping up a bar at 3 p.m.
on a Tuesday.

GIRL
My mom doesn't give a shit about me
anymore.

Dave is a little surprised by her answer but NODS in understanding nonetheless. The Barman stands idle at the far end of the bar.

DAVE
(re: barman)
What've you gotta do to get a drink
around here?

GIRL
Stupid white trash gypsy whore, the
only thing she ever taught me was
how to fight.

DAVE
I hear ya.

GIRL
Let's do it in her room again
tonight!

DAVE
Excuse me?

The girl turns, revealing that she is not talking to Dave, but into a headphone in her other ear.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Oh, sorry.

Dave's phone RINGS. He pulls it out of his pocket. The display shows that "GEMMA" is calling. His shoulders drop as he prepares himself for the call.

He eventually SWIPES the touch screen to answer but the phone doesn't recognize his touch. He keeps trying to answer frantically until Gemma stops calling.

Dave looks at his hands in disbelief. He gets up and EXITS the bar, a little more dishevelled than when he walked in.

EXT. CITY PARK - DAY

Dave passes a STREET PERFORMER, painted silver, dressed as a Robot. The Robot is motionless. Dave walks past. The Robot doesn't move.

Another SHOPPER behind Dave walks by and The Robot mechanically strides towards her, STARTLING her. Dave looks back over his shoulder a little annoyed - why didn't The Robot come at me?

Dave sits on a bench. Next to him are two twenty-something African American women. They are gossiping aloud. Dave is clearly within earshot.

GIRL #1

He was too drunk to, you know, get it goin'.

GIRL #2

Hehe. Waste of space.

GIRL #1

And besides, he wasn't working with much to begin with.

She holds up her little finger, depicting a micropenis.

The girls both laugh.

GIRL #2

All white boys are like shrimps, believe me.

Dave is surprised they would talk so candidly next to him. He gets up and leaves, walks across the square.

Dave gets a text message, he looks at his phone. It's from Gemma.

INSERT TEXT MESSAGE -

"Why are you ignoring me? You picked a bad day to disappear."

He focuses on the word "disappear". Dave tries to reply to the text but the phone still doesn't respond to his touch.

He receives another text. It's from a colleague, Robert.

INSERT TEXT FROM ROBERT -

"Where the hell did you go this afternoon? Sorry to break it to you buddy, but the boss says your fired. :("

Dave is furious, frantic - he lost his job. He tries to text back but it won't recognize his touch. He shouts into the phone with futility.

DAVE
(into phone, angry)
He told me I could leave early!

Dave calms a little and thinks.

DAVE (CONT'D)
(to himself)
...I think.

The sun beats down on him, he sweats some more. He ducks into a liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE

Dave grabs a bottle of chilled vodka from the fridge.

He approaches the checkout where a dozy teen CASHIER reclines, watching TV under his baseball cap. The cashier does not notice Dave.

DAVE
Excuse me!

The cashier does not react at all. Dave is freaked out, now sure something strange is happening to him.

He slowly walks passed the checkout with the vodka in his hand, amazed that the cashier is not reacting to the blatant theft.

Dave approaches the automatic store doors. They do not open, Dave slams into the glass SMASHING his nose. It hurts.

He steps back and tries again to trigger the door to open. This time the doors OPEN. Dave walks through, relieved.

Unbeknownst to him A PIGEON on the other side of the door hops around under the exterior sensor.

EXT. STREET

Dave steps back into the sunlight, now with a bloody nose. He opens the cold vodka and takes a swig. He loosens his tie and perspires in the heat.

He jumps onto a passing bus and walks straight passed the driver without paying, with no consequences.

He sits in the large disabled seat, no one bats an eyelid.

EXT. BEACH - DUSK

Dave sits on the sand and stares at the Ocean.

He is SWIGS the vodka and feels it burn.

He stares at the waves, maybe finding some kind of escape.

Dave removes his shoes and socks, puts his socks and wallet in his shoes. He places the vodka bottle on the sand next to him. He starts to roll up his jeans.

A crazed BUM walks past and sees the vodka in the sand. He can't believe his luck and grabs the bottle, sniffs it, and takes a SWIG. This pushes Dave out of his peace, and over the edge. He gets up and angrily confronts the Bum. He grabs the bottle back.

The Bum, who may have mental health issues, stares at the bottle in disbelief, as if it were floating in the air. The Bum SCREAMS and lunges at the bottle.

Dave jumps back and swings the bottle in self-defense. It hits the Bum across the head with a CRACK. The Bum falls to the sand. Dave steps back, horrified.

A MAN walking his dog approaches the Bum, kneels and tends to him. The Man calls 911.

Dave stares at the sunset and drops the bottle in the sand. He steps back further, hears POLICE SIRENS. He runs away from the scene, leaving the Bum, the Man, and his shoes and wallet behind.

EXT. STREET BY THE OCEAN

Two PARAMEDICS jog pass Dave on the street. They ignore him, despite his bleeding nose.

EXT. BEACH

The Paramedics tend to the Bum and talk to the Man.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Barefooted and beaten, Dave walks up the driveway to a nice suburban home. The security light TURNS ON as he approaches the house.

GEMMA (30), his girlfriend, walks out to meet him.

GEMMA

What happened to you? You drunk
bastard, it's like you're not even
here anymore.

Dave looks over his shoulder to make sure she is not talking to someone else behind him - there is no-one there, she can see him! He is overjoyed, and relieved.

He HUGS her emotionally, as if he had been brought back to life, to her surprise.

DAVE

I thought I'd...gone.
(beat)
I love you.

Gemma concedes a little.

GEMMA

Where are your shoes? What happened
to your nose? Are you okay?

They walk towards the house, arm in arm.

GEMMA (CONT'D)

I love you too.

We hear POLICE SIRENS approaching the house.

FADE TO BLACK.